

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, M. P. BULL. OFFICE COURT STREET. OPPOSITE THE COURTHOUSE.

The East Oregonian.

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When Wheat is Green. When wheat is green in furrowed fields, and forest lanes are lined with leaves...

The Boy Hero. It was on Saturday morning, the fifteenth of December, that little Paul Lavere sat by a low, smouldering fire in the only apartment of the cot that had any furniture in it.

When Paul spoke the mother, in a weak, faint tone, "There no more wood!" "I can easily get some, mother, when you are able to spare me. I have some gathered up by the roadside near the pond."

"This is all," he said. "Not another crumb of food is there in our house. But let us eat; I can beg more. I am used to it now."

this cold weather! Wait until it is warmer—until I am stronger. Oh, I will try to get well as soon as I can!"

"What do you mean by that? I say your husband brought you down to this by his own acts; and if you have a grain to support you, when the town stands ready to take you now as well as ever."

"Not until you have left the house, sir," replied Paul, in a husky tone. "Leave us now, and I will make some arrangement for a new home; but place your hand on my mother, and you die."

"Well, never mind. Here, I'll show you a seat." Shortly after this Mr. David Northworth entered the church. He was habited in black, and the deacons all bowed to him as he passed them.

pit, and in a wild, frantic tone he uttered: "Oh, sir, I have heard you preach to-day such truths as I know are of God, and I hope they are not mere idle sayings."

"I tell you I won't wait another hour no, not half an hour! If your husband was—" "Oh, for the love of Heaven, sir," gasped the poor woman, clasping her hands again, "do not speak of him! He has gone to meet his God, and he has suffered enough."

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Slavery in Egypt. In Cairo the slave dealers (djalabas) distribute their stock among their agents in various quarters of the city, and there, although the police are supposed to be on the watch to prevent it, buying and selling goes on under the thinnest veil of concealment.

The following is from the advance sheets of the new book of European travel "Abroad Again," by Curtis Guild, author of "Over the Ocean" and editor of the Boston Commercial Bulletin:

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clashed firmly together, toward the pul-

Four ladies had been elected on the school board of London, England.

To one is human; to pay up, divine.

By the laws of Florida no man who has lost an arm or a leg, no matter how or when, or from what cause, can be taxed for any business he may enter into except the liquor business.

Tax early bird catches the worm.

"Mr. dear," said an affectionate wife to her husband, as she looked out of the window, "do you notice how green and beautiful the grass looks; on the neighboring hills?" "Well," was the unpoetic response, "what other color would you have it at this time of year?"